

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

"Everyday in Southern Oregon Reads the Mail Tribune"
Daily Except Saturday
Published by MEDFORD PRINTING CO.
25-27-29 N. W. 1st St. Phone 15

ROBERT W. BURL, Editor
An Independent Newspaper
Entered as second class matter at Medford, Oregon, under act of March 3, 1879.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
By Mail—In Advance
Daily, one year, \$5.00
Daily, six months, \$3.00
Daily, three months, \$1.75
By Carrier in Advance—Medford, Astoria, Jacksonville, Central Point, Phoenix, Talent, Gold Hill and Seaside
Daily, one year, \$5.00
Daily, six months, \$3.25
Daily, three months, \$1.80
All terms, cash in advance.

Official paper of the City of Medford, Oregon, under act of March 3, 1879.
Official paper of Jackson County.

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Editorial Correspondence

PORTLAND, Ore., July 25.—The Oregonians on the "Portland Rose" swelled with pride when the train crossed the Snake river, and entered their home state. For Oregon welcomed them with the first cool breezes, and green fields since leaving the sweltering Northwestern station in Chicago. From Pocatello north through Idaho, it was hot and except for a distant view of Boise among the trees, the heat swept a forlorn and stricken desert. Oregon was entered just at sunset, which is the most beautiful time of day in any country, and while that part of the state couldn't be called a sylvan retreat exactly, it was, in comparison with what had been passed through, almost a glimpse of the Promised Land. As the long train chugged up the grade, through Baker, La Grande and on to Pendleton, hay ranch after hay ranch was passed,—big barns and silos, comfortable homes and fat stock in the fields,—perhaps all these Eastern Oregon farmers are busted too,—but their country doesn't look it. At any rate the portly young man across the aisle who is travelling to Singapore via Hawaii and Shanghai, remarked enthusiastically, "This is the best looking country I have seen since we left Chicago," to which your correspondent rejoined in his best lumbering manner "Sure it is—This is OREGON!"

Similar remarks were heard on all sides, both last night and early this morning, when the train stopped at The Dalles, until the sun came up, so the passengers could—if they wished—get a view of the Columbia gorge and see where Uncle Sam is going to spend his millions for the Bonneville light and power project. This stop is on the regular schedule, a matter of an hour and forty-five minutes. The running time from Chicago is 60 hours—eliminating long stops it could be reduced to 56 without difficulty.

A clear, sunny day in Portland,—one of the few the present writer has encountered in many long years. Pouring the passengers of the Portland Rose into Portland, was like pouring a tea kettle of boiling water into Crater Lake. Everyone felt rejuvenated and cheerful. One felt the Portland Chamber of Commerce very remiss in not having an "It's the Climate" banner, strung across the street, at the corner of Sixth and Alder.

The taxi driver confirmed morning paper reports that the strike is over. He said his union had voted to walk out, but something happened and the walkout order was never issued. He was glad of it, wanted to keep his job, and blamed all the trouble on a bunch of foreign dynamiters.

Before the Imperial Hotel, a couple of tough looking gents paraded side by side, one carrying a banner announcing that the hotel harbored strike breakers, against the maritime craft walkout. No one seemed to be paying any attention to them. A larger delegation was marching in front of the Meier and Frank entrance—both men and women. Their banners announced that "bullets aren't good for business" and asked, "Who ordered out the troops?" Such evidences of boycott were apparently having no effect. Meier and Frank's at least was crowded. We had to wait 15 minutes to get a table in the restaurant. On one of the upper floors we ran into Toggery Bill Isaacs, looking very fit and frisky, who gave us the latest news from Medford and announced that he had won the casting accuracy prize against the national champion from Chicago. This is probably old news to Medford, but it wasn't to us. "Bully for Bill!"

Among the passengers getting off the train we detected the Honorable Walter Pierce, his head bent low under the 10-gallon hat, while an elderly gentleman, who grasped his arm, poured a torrent of words into his right ear. They were rushing to Salem to join the democratic faithful in a greeting to Jim Farley.

We soon discovered it was Farley day at the Multnomah hotel. Jim put up at the Portland, but the dinner was in the Arabian room at the Multnomah. The dinner was open to the public and we bought a ticket for one dollar, but we were delayed by various and sundry matters, so didn't reach the banquet room until the first course had started. A young Jewish gentleman who had quite evidently been celebrating the cocktail hour conscientiously, took us in tow, and gently to our surprise ushered us to the speaker's table where he slapped a large gentleman on the shoulder and announced we wanted a table. The large gentleman was more interested in his fruit cocktail and the buxom blonde on his left, than in scurrying up another table, but as this was a political gathering and all races and ages (over 21) have votes he resisted the temptation to kick out the intruder, and pointed to another man near the door, who was consulted but said he had nothing to do with the dinner but was in charge of the lights. "Jes you wait here a minute and I'll see you get something to eat, pal" said the self-appointed guide and he promptly disappeared. Where he went we don't know (tho we can guess) at any rate he never returned. As the assembled democrats were hungry and the first course was rapidly disappearing we decided to cash in the ticket and eat upstairs. The gentleman in charge of the tickets, didn't relish the idea of giving any money back, but he finally yielded to persuasion. We ran into Arnee Rae, secretary of the state editorial association at the upstairs lunch counter, who informed us the newspaper code is working out fine and promises to be a great aid to the industry.

We got back to the Arabian room in time for the speeches,—or most of them,—as we came down the stairs, Editor Irvine of the Journal was just concluding a peroration to Jesus Christ, on the cross; the Sermon on the Mount, the Book of Matthew and the Democratic party. He was very effective as his blind eyes strained toward the vision of the cross, and he dramatically pointed it out, with the swing of his right arm, and a quivering finger pointed just above the press table. As he took his seat, he was given a genuine ovation.

Farley talked sense and good sound politics. He paid a most flattering tribute to Senator McNary, and also to General Martin, democratic candidate for governor, making a special appeal for the support of liberal Republicans. A big husky man, looking young and fit, in spite of his bald head, he gave a distinct impression of strength and sincerity.

The dinner really turned out to be a Martin celebration. The general made a short talk, in excellent taste and very much to the point and when the gathering adjourned, he was kept standing at the table by those who wished to shake his hand. Throughout the evening, the mention of General Martin's name was the signal for cheering and loud applause. We pride ourselves upon being able to detect a trumped up enthusiasm of the placquet type. The enthusiasm for Martin struck us as being spontaneous and genuine.

Ran into a number of newspaper men, also saw Oswald West, former governor, and to our mind, one of the most refreshing personalities, and keenest politicians in the state. Os has such a keen sense of humor, pungent vocabulary,—and so much BOUNCE!

All agreed this man Pete Zimmerman is the man to beat, in the gubernatorial contest, and at the present writing, General Martin is the only candidate who can do it. The Roosevelt democrats, they maintain, will be solidly behind the general, whereas the republicans will be split between Dunn, Zimmerman and Wirth. (This is the Portland analysis, NOT ours.)

All the democratic candidates and all the office holders and seekers were at the dinner—said to be the largest one of the kind ever held in Portland. We doubt if all the latter were there, for according to the hotel, the attendance was slightly under 700.

It was amusing standing there near the door as the mob filed out. We didn't personally know more than ten people in the

crowd, but roughly speaking at least 600 knew us. The number of pleasant nods we received, and the number of handshakes that were offered! The only escape was to put one's hands in the trousers pockets. Put your hand out to scratch the right ear, and it would be grabbed by at least six people. Democratic candidates and office holders take no chances! Votes is votes—and besides, isn't Jim Farley the Grand Exhausted Rooster of the Bald-Headed club! R. W. R.

Personal Health Service

By William Brady, M.D.

Signed letters pertaining to personal health and hygiene not to disease diagnosis or treatment will be answered by Dr. Brady if a stamped self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Letters should be brief and written in ink. Owing to the large number of letters received only a few can be answered. No reply can be made to queries not conforming to instructions. Address Dr. William Brady, 265 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

WHY SOME PERSONS ACCUMULATE FAT

In an earlier talk I explained that cracked or ground on entire, is a fine food staple for anyone, man or child, and what's more, I believe that if we minnyhammer know enough to eat wheat as it grows, instead of the innumerable manufactured substitutes we select in place of it, not only obesity but a number of other common ailments would be far less common than they are now.

There is a strong popular prejudice against potatoes in the belief of an obese person, obese or not, must take a reasonable amount of carbohydrate food daily, to serve the minimum nutritional requirements of health. There is no better food to use for the purpose than potato, only I'm sorry but I must insist that you eat all the skins as well as the packing. First try some skin of crisp baked potato. Later you'll like the skin with the packing, no matter how the taters are cooked. Potatoes are fine food to train on. They yield only 400 calories to the pound, as compared with 1200 for white or whole wheat bread.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS
Fifty-Fifty on Acte.
Some weeks ago I sent for your monograph on Pimples and Blackheads and responded to report. I followed instructions for three weeks but am sorry to say there has been no improvement. —E. D.

Your prescription for acne has entirely cleared the skin of my 18-year-old daughter, after three years of agonized trying. Are we both grateful?—Mrs. L. K. H.

Answer—Neither report is of value because neither specifies particularly what instructions or prescription was used. I am glad to send the monograph on "Blackheads and Pimples" for some as physicians call it to its correspondent who tells me he or she has such trouble, and incloses a stamped and addressed envelope.

My ailment is itching after bathing. Please send monograph on pruritus.—Mrs. V. A. N.

Answer—Why bathe? It is just a habit. Air and sun will keep the skin clean and healthy and beautiful. Soap and water convenient for removing dirt are always more or less injurious to complexion and skin. When you must bathe use only lukewarm or cool water and following the wet wash, dry the skin well and immediately apply some fresh oil to replace the natural skin oil (sebum) removed by the scrubbing. Send stamped envelope bearing your address, for the monograph on pruritus.

Ed. Note: Persons wishing to communicate with Dr. Brady should send letters direct to Dr. William Brady, M. D., 265 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

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There are queer shoets of loneliness in this suffocating city. I have a philosophic bachelor friend, forty of whose sixty years have been spent bending over dull and endless figures as an accountant. He lives in a shabby rooming house and several pay cuts have not enlarged his outlook for content. A great reader, he gets his books at a public library but, because he likes to read late, goes to the men's waiting room of a railroad terminal where he often reads until 2 a. m. As a subscriber, he carries his books in a little grip to give the appearance of being a traveler.

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Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS.

PAY PARTICULAR attention to this paragraph in a yesterday's dispatch from Chicago:

"Weakened animals had to be shot at the glutted Union stockyards today as a strike stopped efficient feeding and watering in a blistering temperature."

A TOTAL of 1800 men, the dispatch relates, quit work, leaving only a handful of workers to feed and water 75,000 head of stock.

As a result of the strike the market was demoralized, and there was no outlet for the arriving stock. Wires were dispatched to all shipping points, and farmers who had brought stock in to be shipped to market had to take it back home.

And this right at the moment when the country is hoping desperately that the end of the depression is here and better times in sight.

WHO is responsible for the strike situation that is paralyzing business recovery?

Is it the serious, honest working men of this country? That doesn't seem possible. Intelligent working men realize that the only way in which their condition can be bettered is by business improvement that will make possible more employment and better wages.

Constant strikes, scattered all over the country, DEMORALIZE business and make increased employment impossible.

WHO BENEFITS, anyway, by demoralization of business at this critical time, with resulting delay in recovery from the depression and return of normal prosperity?

Why, the reds, of course—the communists, the radicals, the riffraff from Europe; the whole crew of destructionists whose avowed purpose is overthrow of American institutions and who realize that their only hope of bringing that about is by prolonging the depression and preventing the return of normal American prosperity.

It is mighty hard to escape the conclusion that this crew of alien wreck-

Flight 'o Time

(Medford and Jackson County History from the Files of The Mail Tribune at 25 and 10 Years Ago.)

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY
July 26, 1924.
(It was Saturday.)
Mr. and Mrs. Ed M. White will leave next week on an auto trip to the Oregon coast.

Fuhrer's Bakery celebrates a year in business in this city, and will give anniversary favors to all housewives.

N. S. Bennett, nurseryman, presents the Chamber of Commerce and this paper with huge bouquets.

C. E. (Pop) Gates reports the fishing excellent at Lake of the Woods, where he has been vacationing.

Complaints about the taste of the city water grow, and council urged to do something.

THIRTY YEARS AGO TODAY
July 26, 1914.
(It was Sunday.)
Candidates start putting up to the lady voters, but the interest is nil.

Frank Ray and Horace Bromley returned Sunday from Cater Lake, where they spent last week. They report they passed 18 autos going to the lake Sunday.

Woodcuter departs for parts unknown, after hitting many.

Threats of war in Europe sends wheat up nine cents.

Hopes of peace in Europe vanishing, as Austria gives for war.

Hunter who could not wait for the opening of the deer season, fired 510.

Carload of Maxwell autos arrives.

ELECTRIC SWITCH BOX EXPLOSION IS FATAL

BEND, Ore., July 25.—(AP)—Max Nielsen, 50, was fatally injured Wednesday by explosion of an electric switch box in a lumber mill here. He was standing in front of the box when it exploded. Shock was said to have been the direct cause of his death. His widow and four children survive.

BICYCLE RIDER KILLED WHEN HIT BY TAXICAB

PORTLAND, Ore., July 25.—(AP)—Hugo Marracini, 15, died today from injuries suffered Sunday when his bicycle was struck by a taxicab. His death was the 51st traffic accident fatality since December 1. Police exonerated Allen Bennett, driver of the cab. Witnesses said the lad turned sharply into the path of the car.

CCC Camp Adopted Moose.
GLACIER NATIONAL PARK, Mont. (UP)—Civilian Conservation corps workers at the Anaconda Creek camp in Glacier park, claim they have the most unusual mascot of any CCC camp in the nation. The boys adopted an orphan moose calf, found begging food one morning by the camp cook.

Get a home-cooked lunch at De-Voe's, 25c.

See this outstanding development in electric refrigeration—the Frigidaire Super Freezer. No matter what you may think about this or that kind of electric refrigeration—you can have no idea what a modern electric refrigerator should be or do until you've seen the Frigidaire Super Freezer. For here is a development that helps make the Frigidaire '34 the most unusual refrigerator ever built. The Frigidaire Super Freezer combines conveniences and advantages not to be found in any other electric refrigerator. More ice! Uniformly low temperatures! Room for tall bottles on both sides of the freezer! A cold storage compartment! Automatic reset defrosting! Automatic ice tray release! The Frigidaire Super Freezer brings you all these advantages—and many more besides. Don't fail to see this latest advance in electric refrigeration. Learn why thousands are saying "Ours is a Frigidaire '34"



Ye Smudge Pot

The late John Dillinger, Bandit No. 1, is now Horrible Example No. 1.

Oregon Democrats have expressed befuddlement at the pronouncement of the late name of Arthur W. Frazer of Clatsop, named chairman of the Republican state central committee.

The pronouncement should not be as difficult as an explanation of some of the freak economic notions of the current Democratic administration.

For the nonce, call him Art. He is a Granger, and ought to be able to fool a farmer in the fall as well as Portland politicians did in the spring.

The weather continues warm enough to make accounts of efforts to reach Admiral Byrd in his snow covered habitat in the Anarctic, through temperatures of 71 degrees below zero, interesting reading.

The female who betrayed Outlaw Dillinger is in line for a reward of \$15,000 (government money). This seems to be \$14,000 more than her mentalty justified. She wore a red dress to the slaughter, with the mercury at 100 degrees.

Royal Brown of Eagle Pt. towed yesterday on business coupled with pleasure, and became uncoupled before the business was interfered with.

The longshoremen's strike is over, but it will be some time before it will be safe for a candidate for governor, circulating in the rural areas, to boast he has the union labor vote corralled.

The Bob Hammond boy has a new pr. of long pants, in which he will journey to the World's Fair. He is 15 yrs old, and about the right height for a high school tackle.

Postmaster-General Farley visited the state Tuesday, causing practically no Democratic twittering and quivering in this section. The upstate Democracy, however, palpitated rapturously, and bestowed upon the great man, some of the idolatry they have been saving for the President's coming. Hon. Farley advised all to be confident, and have hope. Many are confident there will be a shortage of hope unless the money spending stops. All Democrats of any consequence are now "on the lam" in the West, and are so numerous they would darken the sun if they traveled by airplane.

Business was fine at the G. Hunt magic lantern show the 1st of the week, owing to good luck in getting a picture that had been condemned by the censors.

"Death and taxes" should not be mentioned in the same breath, because there's no way to make a man die six times from the same disease.—(Providence News-Tribune)—On the other hand, it is possible to get out of the former, but not the latter.

HOW DO YOU FEEL?

Since the time that a chap named Hertz discovered ether waves, all God's children seem to have got radios, and now the day divides itself into as many segments as a Salvation Army pie. There is the wake-up-you, chery-good-morning time, and the time of inspirational talks; there is the farm-and-home-and-hits-to-housewives hour. There is quite a long beauty-and-bridge-club interval, and after that the inevitable Kiddies' hour. Then the family hour, and finally the dance period, starting sweet and sticky and getting yelman, or hot, by 1:00 a. m.

During these last few weeks, I cannot look at the once simple fact of air above the streets without the knowledge of all the treacherous fat things, swimming there, waiting for a chance to plap with oily plaps in the front room of prospective customers: The time that it is 5.00 a. m. watch time. High time to consult Dr. Owens, who sits receptively in his modern magnificent offices waiting for people with teeth. If you don't like this, you can just turn away from it, of course. But turn away into what?—(New Republic)

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

By O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, July 25.—Radio is in the most desperate search of its career for sustaining talent. Familiarities of broadcasting breed the usual contempt. And no form of entertainment ends in such quick oblivion. Ten of the most popular features on the air came to a full stop this year.

The demand is always incessant for something new and original. It has become for the artist, so mercurial a public favor, a calling with practically no future. This adjustment was totally unexpected. For, a year or so ago, the popularity of a program seemed indefinite.

In six months of continued acclaim is considered a long run. Because of the times or that the novelty has worn off, there has been a big slump in fan mail. The star who used to receive thousands of letters weekly now numbers them in the hundreds.

The biggest audiences are recruited for the single night broadcast built up by an extravagant ballyhoo. The foremost executives realize there has come a transition period. The radio is here to stay, of course, but a big change in presentation is around the corner.

Whatever the ultimate fate of the Casino in the park, it attained one record few high class restaurants attained. Not one intoxicating drink was sold there during prohibition.

I was in the Casino a wintry night when a prominent fellow of the town came in thrusting for a high ball after a trying evening. He implored Sidney Solomon to secure up the markings. Solomon chomped: "No can do." But, in the emergency, he did point to an almost covered flask belonging to a couple dancing. The thirsty man purchased his drink, and, before departing, sent the lady an anonymous bouquet.

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